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P96

Suck

UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING APRIL 29, 1916
PRICE TEN CENTS



Painted by Ralph Barton

BO PEEP



Some Bears
by Rolf Armstrong



Watchful Weighting
by Walter Dean Goldbeck



The Latest in Evening Gowns
by Walter Dean Goldbeck

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210 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



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by Harry Morse Meyers



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by F. Earl Christy



The Serenade
by B. Wennerberg



*An Important Announcement to the Regular
Newsstand Purchasers of*

Puck

We would appreciate the assistance of our regular readers who purchase PUCK from the newsstands, if they will fill out and present to their newsdealer the coupon below.

The present situation affecting the supply of raw materials, especially of paper, prompts us to make a new arrangement with the newsdealers as to the return of unsold copies of PUCK. It is barely possible that, until the dealers readjust their orders according to our new schedule, the supply may run short early each week—possibly by Tuesday night.

The annoyance that might be caused you by missing your regular copy of PUCK may be avoided by handing your dealer this coupon properly filled out. This will assure you of having a copy of PUCK reserved for you each week until you call for it. It may even be more convenient to have PUCK delivered to you with your other papers, if your newsdealer has a delivery route.

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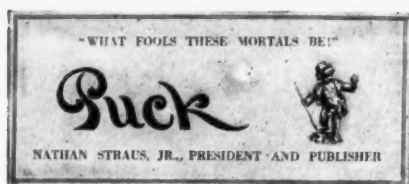
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Mr. Huneker Resumes

It is a genuine pleasure, in which our readers doubtless join, to record the return of "The Seven Arts," which makes its reappearance next week. Mr. Huneker has completely recovered from his recent illness, and "Pillowland," which signalizes the resumption of his work in Puck, is a series of more or less pertinent reflections of an active mind in the throes of an enforced idleness.

The Bunner Offer

Don't forget the special offer made to all Bunner "fans." On receipt of \$1.00, covering a three months' trial subscription, we will enter your name to receive the next thirteen numbers of Puck, and if you mark your card, or letterhead, "Bunner Offer," we will mail immediately the four issues containing the Bunner stories thus far published—"The Love Letters of Smith," "The Tenor," "Zenobia's Infidelity," and "Hector."

Kirchner Next Week

Another of the beautiful series of paintings that Raphael Kirchner is doing exclusively for Puck appears next week. It is a study of a particularly beautiful Kirchner girl—one that you will be quick to cut out and frame. If you would be sure of getting this number, read the announcement on the reverse of this page, and leave the coupon with your newsdealer.

Puck



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If you want your brain kept powdered and well-groomed for six months, just tear off, fill in and mail the little coupon below

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Ruck



Drawn by H. M. Bateman of London

H. M. Bateman 1916

THE COURSE OF ORATORY NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH

Quick



General Carranza is disposed to insist that after sixty days General Pershing's forces should be withdrawn, even if Villa has not been caught.

—*Washington despatch.*

Uncle Sam should give a sixty-day promissory note, as it were, and President Wilson should endorse it.

The Province of Kwang-tung, which contains the city of Canton, has declared its independence of the rest of the Chinese (at this writing) Republic. Kwang-tung evidently aspires to be the South Carolina of China.

Senator Penrose is a wiser man than Mr. Barnes. He will not oppose the nomination of Roosevelt.

—*Lillian Russell's Husband.*

Just wait until Senator Penrose has sued Colonel Roosevelt for libel and lost, and then see how he feels about it.

A Progressive—more or less—leader complains that no one knows what Judge Hughes' attitude is on a single point. Perhaps he parts his opinions as he does his beard—in the middle. That should make him an ideal candidate.

You can't get a meeting for a favorite son like Governor Brumbaugh to be attended by more than ten men.

—*A Pennsylvania Republican.*

Ten men! Why, that is almost an overflow meeting for a favorite son!

More vainglorious boasting! An official person in Washington speaks of the American garbage can as "the fattest in the world."

In this twentieth century the woman is no longer a mere drudge, a convenience, a something to satisfy the demands of men.—*Senator Smoot.*

Shades of Brigham Young! This, from a Mormon!

Let me say at the outset that I do not wish to be placed before the American public in a false position.

—*Nijinsky, Russian dancer.*

The modern ballet dancer places himself (or herself) before the public in all sorts of positions.

Flying hen drops egg, says a Sunday headline. The Zeppelin habit is spreading.



Drawn by R. O. Evans

STILL ACHIEVING, STILL PURSUING

The opponents of Justice Hughes in relation to the Republican nomination for the Presidency may be actuated by a recollection of the cold-blooded way in which Hughes would have ripped the lid off the Republican campaign fund secrets during the insurance investigation in 1905—if something (or somebody) hadn't happened to call him off.

Somebody has invented a rocking chair which works its own fan. What are the women who rock all day on hotel verandas going to do with their hands this summer?

The Mexican Consul at El Paso says that Chihuahua has ever been a hotbed of insurrection. The time would seem ripe for some enterprising pickle purveyor to get out a brand called Chihuahua Pepper Sauce.

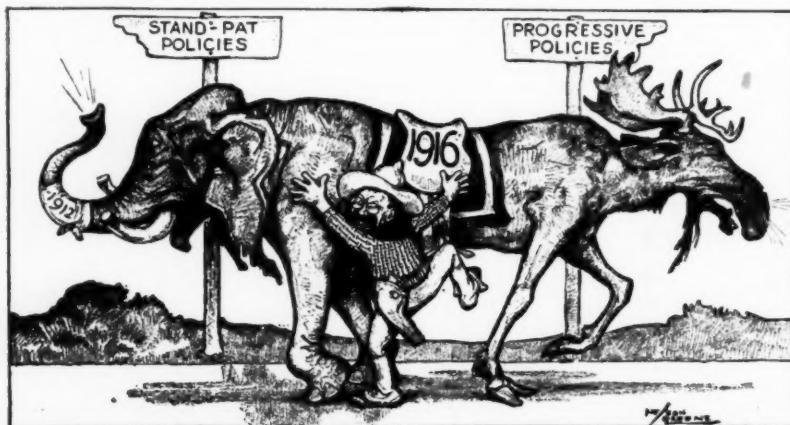
We see the women of supposedly the best classes dressed on Fifth Avenue like chorus girls.

—*Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy.*

And once in a while, when somebody is about to put on a particular spicy show, he garbs his chorus girls in the style of the supposedly best classes on Fifth Avenue.

An Albany admirer believes that "Roosevelt would be the ideal man to guide the nation in case of serious trouble." Provided, of course, that there was a regiment of colored Regulars ever handy to get him out of trouble, and save the day, as on a certain noted occasion in Cuba.

An advertisement issued by the German Government with reference to the fourth war loan is headed: "Everybody Can and All Should and Must Pay." This doesn't leave a very fat exempt list, as far as a mere outsider may judge.



Drawn by Nelson Greene

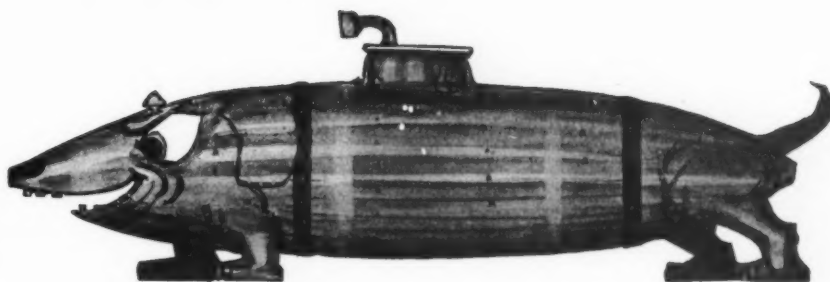
WHICH WAY?

Here you are—the proposed new double-header political party—(Puzzle—Who wants to ride?)

A descendant of William Penn endeavored to dodge conscription in England on account of his Quaker ancestry. It was one instance where the Penn was not mightier than the sword.

Robbers raided a Boston poker party and got away with over \$3,500. It is a safe bet that at least one of the victims said, "Now, you see? If we'd have quit when I wanted to this wouldn't have happened."

Ruck



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by BERTON BRALEY

Drawings by MERLE JOHNSON

From the Germans we hear
They are holding us dear,
And most passionate love they're
declaring,
Then they sink some more boats
And deny it in notes,
So we guess we will go on preparing.

Though the Teuton offense
At Verdun is intense,
Still the ranks of the Kaiser are
thinning,
And it seems to us plain
That in such a campaign
It is only Grim Death that is
winning!

Little Holland still stands
With a gun in her hands
And a watchfulness calm, but
unfailing,
While the Greeks are in doubt
If they're in war or out
And Rumania sits on the paling.

There's a jump in the price
Of tobacco and rice
And of cod-liver oil and potatoes,
And of soap and of suits
And of bottles and boots
And of sausage and steel and
tomatoes.

And the reason therefor
Is ascribed to the war;
Yes, that's where we're told all the
harm is,
For the brick and the steel
And the soap make a meal
For the vast appetite of the armies.



Yet Prosperity's come,
And the factories hum
And the Easter-time show was a
winner;
Folks are making so much
That the authors and such
Made a splurge at a four-dollar
dinner.



By our Senator Smoot
We are told that the root
Of most of our troubles is cooking,
But "alas," is our yelp,
"There's a shortage of help
When for competent cooks you are
looking!"

When he hit our Broadway
He demanded more pay
(We refer to the dancer, Nijinski),
Though if we'd come, like him,
From a war prison grim,
We'd be glad to be here with our
skin-ski.

Shall the Philippine Isles
All be left to the wiles
Of the Moro and Little Brown
Brother?
Congress thinks so, but we
Have a sort of idee
That the natives would carve one
another.

In the Villa affair
He's been chased to his lair,
And the press prints the news and
repeats it,
And the next day he skips
With a grin on his lips,
For he takes his lair with him—and
beats it.

Now our guesses are few
As to whom—or to who,
Will be named as the next White
House tenant;
But with baseball, its dope,
We are able to cope,
And we're looking for bets on the
pennant.





VENTRILOQUIST: Now tell the audience, Teddy and Elihu, what you think of Wilson and Brandeis



Ruck

VOL. LXXIX No. 2043
WEEK ENDING APRIL 29, 1916



"COME ON IN, THE WATER'S FINE"

America As She Is Not

IS America as a nation dollar-mad? Is she swimming to prosperity on a sea of blood? Is she reaping fortune on the battlefields of Europe?

Germany makes no bones about stating so, and her charge is echoed by critics elsewhere in Europe and nearer home.

Who are growing rich? Powder mills, ammunition factories, gun and steel foundries, automobile and clothing manufactories are working overtime to meet demands from Europe. That their product is going exclusively to the Allies, is one of the fortunes of war. What German is prepared to state that, if the German and not the British navy ruled the ocean lanes, these very same goods would not be going to Germany, and be gladly accepted there without comment?

Some critics have been found in England. It is charged there, while full acknowledgment is made of the great service rendered by American war contractors, that capitalists in their desire to get rich quick are shipping across goods deficient in quality. Ammunition from American factories has proved faulty in instances. And importers of food-stuffs and wearing apparel for the allied armies have complained that goods are not up to sample, and that because orders must be paid for in advance, no redress is possible.

The charge, such as it is, is narrowed down to the capitalist, and even he is not bending every effort to extract money from the misery of Europe. Otherwise why would 5000 carloads of shipments be held up in the railroad yards of New York? Surely the capitalist knows what fortune awaits the organizer of an American merchant marine?

Is the whole American nation responsible for the deeds of a parcel of magnates? No one says

that the German nation, or any other nation for that matter, as a whole desires the continuance of war.

As a nation we are proud of our individual and conjoint efforts to render the miseries of war less terrible. Millions of dollars instead of

flowing into the pockets of our citizens are flowing out of them in an unceasing river of charity. The refugees of Belgium, the exiles of Serbia, the cripples of France, the blinded of England, the babies of Germany, all will tell you the same story of unselfish giving. America is represented in the eyes of humanity, not by her capitalists, but by her ambulances, her doctors, her nurses, her bandage makers, her compassionate who are giving up nickels or their dollars to the extent of their purses. After all, hasn't our Munich contemporary judged us most unfairly by painting a false picture of America's conduct? Certainly, no nation that has responded so generously as the people of the



— From Jugend, Munich.
MAMMON, KING OF AMERICA: "Blood is still the best fertilizer for the dollar"

United States, to the cry of Belgium and the other devastated states of Europe, can in justice be accused of heartlessness.

Abroad at Home

"OUR Cause" is an expression that often falls from the lips of American citizens to-day when they have no reference to the cause of the United States. "Our Cause" means the cause of one side in the European conflict. And it always means the same side. It is never used by the pro-British or by the pro-French American. "Our cause" plays a great part in the speech of Teuton sympathizers, and the "our" refers to a foreign belligerent power with which we have more than once in the last year been on the brink of war. There seems to be a yawning gap between protagonists of "our cause" and true Americans.

That Summer Fiction

Stories We Shall Soon Be Reading in the Magazines

At last the aeroplane glided toward the earth and, as if by a miracle, landed in a grassy meadow. They were safe.

Without a word, Paul took Harriet in his arms and drew her close to his aviator's jacket. She offered no resistance.

"My own!" he whispered, trembling. Their lips clung.

They were in the mine, a mile below the earth's teeming surface, and they were alone. The rest of the party had hurried on with the guide. They would not be missed for perhaps ten minutes.

Without a word, Jack took Dolly in his arms and drew her close to his miner's jacket. She offered no resistance.

"My own!" he whispered, trembling. Their lips clung.

For three minutes, at least, neither spoke. The view from the mountain top was too vast for words. Far, far below them they could see the chateau where the Duke impatiently awaited their return. What an awakening was in store for him!

Without a word, Tom took Marie in his arms and drew her close to his suit of tourist's tweeds. She offered no resistance.

"My own!" he whispered, trembling. Their lips clung.

For hours they had ridden over the prairie, their speech growing less and less frequent as they neared home.

* They dismounted and, without a word, Jim took Nellie in his arms and drew her close to his red flannel shirt.

"My own!" he whispered, trembling. Their lips clung.

(Publisher's notice: Their lips will likewise "cling" on steam yachts, shady verandas, life rafts from wrecks, desert islands and, doubtless, submarines.)



Ethel Plummer

Breakfast with the Girl's family after an all-night dance



"I'm so glad George appreciates my mind"
"Yes, it's nice to have a man take an interest in the little things"

As the golf fan sees the military situation, Germany has laid aside the driver and is now depending on the mashie.

Heirs and the Law

"In Afghanistan," said Abdurrahman to me, "a curious case occurred, while I was at Cabul. Two twin brothers had been left a bit of land by their father, with instructions to divide it. They could not agree on which part each should take, so they came to the Khan."

"What did he do?" I asked.

"The Khan tried to persuade them to draw lots, but they refused."

"How was it settled?"

"The Khan had one of them executed, and gave the land to the other."

"What a barbarous method?" I cried in horror.

"What would have been done here?" asked Abdurrahman.

"The land would have been sold," I told him, "and after deducting fees and court expenses, the proceeds would have been divided among the joint claimants."

Abdurrahman reflected. "That is," he said, "neither would have gotten the land, and the lawyers would have gotten the money."

"Well," I admitted, "that is partly so, but —"

"What a barbarous method!" said Abdurrahman.

BOOKKEEPER: I'd like an increase in my salary, sir.

PROPRIETOR: An increase, you say? How great?

"About \$20 per month."

"You must be planning to get married."

"No, sir; I want to get a divorce."

Ink and white paper never were higher, yet any number of newspapers printed William Barnes's denial of the rumor that he had indorsed T. R. for the Presidency.



Drawn by Hal Burrows

MOVIE ACTRESS: Why, Marie! How is it there are only 37 trunks? Do you want people to think I am in the legitimate?

Unfortunate But True

The famous Cock Robin murder case had gone to the jury; and the jury-room was filled with equal parts of profanity, jurors and stale cigar smoke. One hundred and seven ballots had been taken; and the vote stood, as it had since the first ballot, eleven for acquittal and one for conviction.

The twelfth juror, Ambrose Grosbeak, was visibly weakening. "Of course, Clementina Sparrow is a beautiful girl," he admitted in hoarse, weary tones, "but we must not allow ourselves to be influenced by such things. Miss Sparrow is a murderess. You remember her confession: 'With my bow and arrow I killed Cock Robin.' What is more, she killed him in cold blood. Her attorneys tried to set up the defense of temporary rush of brains to the feet; but the defense would not hold water. It wouldn't even hold molasses. Miss Sparrow is guilty, and she should be made to suffer the consequences of her crime!"

"Yes, yes; we admit it," replied the foreman in soothing tones. "Your attitude is very creditable, and we respect you for it. But what if Miss Sparrow were your own daughter? Huh? What if she were? Would you send her to the chair? Not so that you could notice it, you wouldn't!"

"Poor li'l girl," observed Juror No. 7, toying delicately with his silky mustache.

"She cert'nly is a pippin," remarked Juror No. 9, scratching his chin speculatively with a thick forefinger, and inadvertently dislodging the doughnut-crumb which he had neglected to remove from his jowls at lunch time.

"I guess we're ready f'r another



"Yes, I admit that it's becoming, but I am not in mourning"
"Eet ces exquisite. Ah! eef madame could only lose ze -- er -- ze deestant relative"



"Wake up, Dad, and put in your nickel"

ballot, boys," said the foreman hastily, after a glance at Ambrose Grosbeak's mobile features.

This time all twelve of the votes were for acquittal. The beautiful Clementina Sparrow was officially blameless of the murder of Cock Robin, though the deed had been witnessed by John D. Fly and Erasmus L. Fish. Mr. Fish had even caught Cock Robin's blood in a dish.

The verdict was received with great rejoicing by the public and the evening papers, who had sent their most expensive sob sisters to cover the trial.

It was two days after the trial. Miss Sparrow, who had just signed a contract to go into vaudeville at \$3,000 per week, was reclining languorously on a luxurious divan, when the door opened and the notorious Henry K. Bluejay, gambler and boss-gunman, entered quickly and silently.

"Well, Tina," said Mr. Bluejay, drawing a package of bills from his breast pocket and slapping it down on the table, "you win! Here's your \$10,000. But you had the nerve to take the job!"

"Oh, slush!" replied Miss Sparrow elegantly. "There ain't a jury in the country that'll convict a slick looking dame of anything. All she's got to do is to keep her mouth shut and shed a few tears every now and then. Any time you want anyone else jolted off, just drop around. I know a swell little girl that'll be glad to pull off the stunt for you."

And Mr. Bluejay, realizing the value of Miss Sparrow's information, wept for joy.



"Don't take off that anklet. I promised the landlady I wouldn't have any nudes pose here"

Drawn by M. Held

Wisdom and Innocence

How Two Wise Experienced Maiden Ladies,
Aged Around 50, Tackle a Cocktail

Scene: A dinner table.

Persons: Emma and Carrie.

EMMA: No, not any, thanks. Really,
no! Well, just a drop, then. Mercy,
I can never drink all that!

were you. I think the man who made
it must have got in too much rum or
something. (She takes another sip in
a ruminative manner.)

CARRIE (indignantly): You don't
need to advise me how much I ought to
take! I believe it's gone to your head!
(She sips defiantly.)



(SLAVE DEALER) — Marsina, who dances like a butterfly, is 3000 pieces of gold; Mina, who
with her lute coaxes tears out of a stone, will set you back 2500; and Rhana, who is as beautiful
as the rainbow, but is addicted to singing, you can have for 14 coppers!

CARRIE: I should say you couldn't,
Emma! Don't try to do it, or you'll
tell everything you know. I'm just
going to take a sip of mine.

(Both sip, haughtily.)

EMMA (coughing): Horrors! What

EMMA: The idea, Carrie! It must
have gone to your head to make you say
such a thing! It certainly hasn't
affected me!

(Both sip, with a careless air.)

CARRIE: Emma, you're just as flushed



HER DREAM OF HIS FUTURE

was in that! It's strong enough to
knock a person over!

CARRIE (distorting her face and
shuddering): I think there was some
prussic acid in mine! How can anybody
like such a frightful concoction?

EMMA: It's beyond me, dear! I
wouldn't take much more of it, if I

as you can be. Everybody will know
that you've been drinking.

EMMA: Let 'em! I don't care!

(Both giggle and take another sip.)

CARRIE: Do you remember that fat
Titcomb boy that used to call on you
when you were a girl, and used to sing
"Lips That Touch Liquor Shall Never

Touch Mine"? (She giggles immoder-
ately.)

EMMA (with great dignity): Carrie,
you're talking too much! You ought to
be ashamed to let one drink affect you
that way!

CARRIE (recklessly): Oh, hush up
and drink up!

(Both are so overcome with mirth
that their faces become crimson and the
tears roll down their cheeks. For the
ensuing hour they do little except
giggle and mop the tears from their
eyes.)

CURTAIN OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

And How Two Innocent, Inexperienced
Maidens, Aged Around 19, Indulge
in a Similar Recreation

Scene: A restaurant.

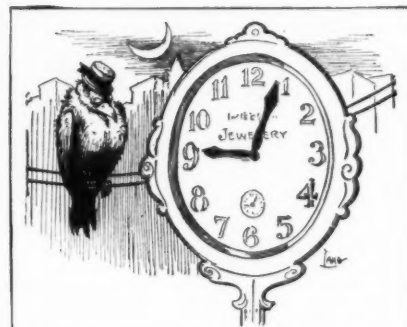
Persons: Millicent and Genevieve.

MILLICENT: What'll you have?

GENEVIEVE: Bronx.

MILLICENT (to waiter): Two
Bronxes.

(Five minutes elapse, during which



"The doctor told me to sleep eight hours
a day, but I can't stay awake long enough
to count them!"

time Millicent and Genevieve silently
examine the hats of the other patrons
of the restaurant.)

MILLICENT: Well, here's happy days,
old dear.

GENEVIEVE: Here's looking at you,
old dear. (They drink.)

MILLICENT: How do you like that hat
of lisiere straw and patent leather on
the frump in the Fragonard blue
taffeta?

GENEVIEVE: Rotten! Did you see
the hay-colored gabardine coat behind
the fifth head-waiter from the left?

MILLICENT: Rather malicious, I
should say! Get the futuristic peau-de-
soie trimming on the grenadier's turban
that just came in.

(And so on, for an hour.)

BATISTE CURTAIN.

K. L. Roberts.

French and British soldiers, accus-
tomed only to the Teutonic poisonous
gases, should be careful not to ride in
New York's subway after the war.

PRUNES VS. STRAWBERRIES

By HELENA SMITH-DAYTON

Illustrated from Clay Models by the Author

Contrary to all tradition, prunes appeared infrequently as an alleged breakfast fruit at Mrs. Canary's. But on this particular fine Spring morning they did appear and so hostile was the boarders' attitude toward them that Mrs. Canary hastened to say:

"I'm so glad that all the fresh, native vegetables are coming in market again. And fruit! I buy such quantities in season."

"This time o' year," remarked old Mrs. Cribbage, "one does need something fresh and tempting. I can't abide canned goods and stewed dried fruit."

The other boarders remarked upon the abundance of strawberries seen in the markets and on venders' wagons. Strawberries, it seemed, held first place with everybody both as a breakfast fruit and as a dinner dessert, when made into an alluring shortcake.

"Um-m, yes," admitted Mrs. Canary. "They are nice — but these early ones lack flavor. We always have quantities when they are really good."

"And cheap," whispered Dave Hemisphere into Gertie Golightly's ear.

"A lot of peddlers went by with elegant looking ones yesterday," hinted Mrs. Cribbage.

"On top!" deprecated Mrs. Canary, witheringly.

It was later in the morning that Mrs. Cribbage, glancing out of her front window, saw a sight to gladden the heart of an epicure.

There, at the curb, stood a fruit and vegetable wagon. Everything that was green, from the deep-toned cucumber to the tender high-lights of young, young lettuce — all heart and salad romance. Alluring reds from the blush

of plump dowager tomatoes to the glowing beauty of debutante strawberries!

Mrs. Canary was out dickering with the peddler and Mrs. Cribbage thrilled to hear the landlady inquire:

"And how much are strawberries?"

"Verra fine ones, lady. Full baskets — all good!" And the man flipped a basket over and allowed the top layers to roll into the palm of his hand.

"How much?" again demanded Mrs. Canary. "They look hard and sour!"

"Verra sweet — fine! Twenty-five cents," he beamed.

"What? At THIS time of year?"

Mrs. Canary sniffed scornfully. "Why I've seen better berries than these in the stores for eighteen and twenty! How much are the carrots?"

The man shook his head incredulously, ignoring the reference to the price of carrots.

"I buy from you all berries you can get at eighteen cents for twenty-two cents!" he offered grandly. "I pay twenty-three cents wholesale. I must charge twenty-five cents to live and feed my horse!"

"If I should buy four or five baskets — how much will you make them?" asked Mrs. Canary.

It was at this critical moment that Agnes rushed in to tell Mrs. Cribbage that Mr. Cribbage wanted to talk to her on the 'phone.

When Mrs. Cribbage, reinforced by Mrs. Binney, reappeared at the front window Agnes was just disappearing, with a basket of purchases, toward the basement door.

"I saw something red," declared



Mrs. Cribbage reinforced by Mrs. Binney at the front window

Mrs. Cribbage. "I guess she did get the strawberries!"

And hope was strengthened at luncheon, when Mrs. Canary remarked mischievously: "I have planned a little touch of Spring for dinner this evening!"

The rumor had spread to every boarder, before they sat down at the dinner table, that the first shortcake of the season was to make its appearance. And so, they ate toward the shortcake — sparingly.

"No one is eating these delicious new carrots!" reproached Mrs. Canary. "And these dear little Spring onions!"

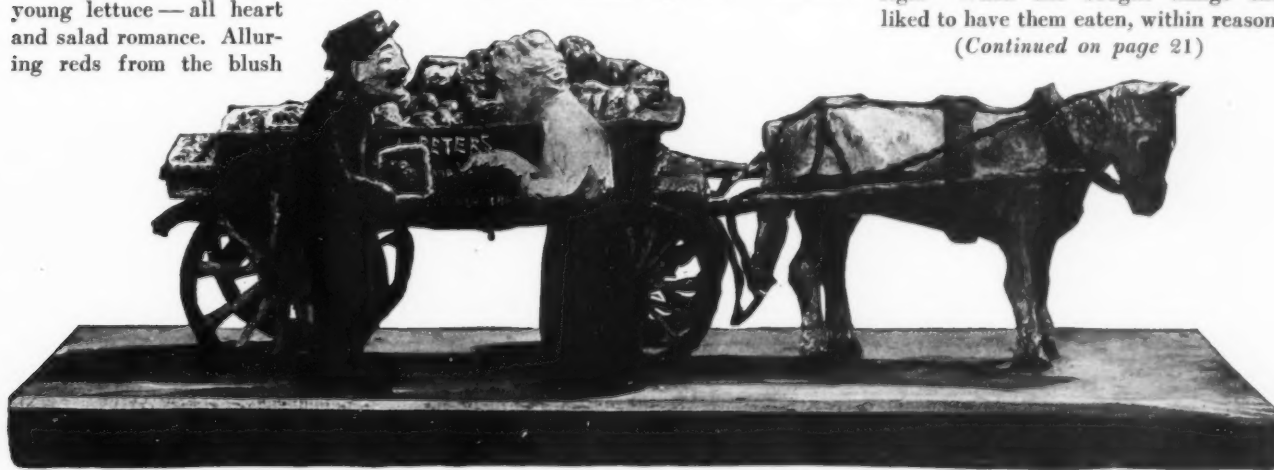
"I'm going out this evening," explained May Wizzley.

"Me, too," echoed Dave Hemisphere.

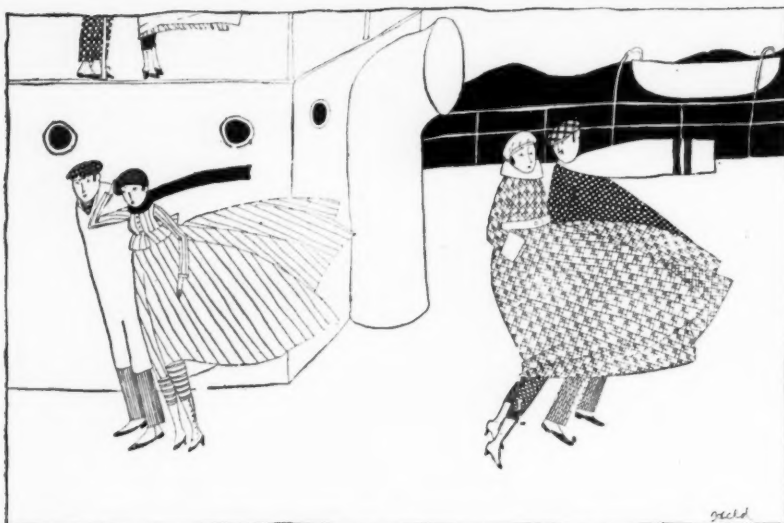
It was Mrs. Cribbage's whisper of caution that restrained the older people — that the taste of onion would undoubtedly kill the fine, aristocratic flavor of the forthcoming strawberries!

As the onions were passed around — and passed up — Mrs. Canary gave a sigh. When she bought things she liked to have them eaten, within reason.

(Continued on page 21)



Mrs. Canary was out dickering with the peddler



WHERE IGNORANCE GIVES CONFIDENCE 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE!

GROOM: Aren't you afraid of the submarines, dear?

BRIDE: Of course not when I am with you; you silly darling!



Drawn for Ruck by Heath Robinson of London

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THE ARMORED MINE-FINDER

(This marvelous device anticipates the utilization of a spare stethoscope, borrowed from one of the field hospitals. Armed—or eared—with this delicate contrivance, the observer may plainly hear the recurrence of "I meld sixty kings," which, uttered in German, plainly indicates the presence of the enemy at their subterranean work.)

In the Future

"My grandfather was a famous general, so mother says."

"Umph! My grandfather was one of the first tango teachers."

Ed W. Howe, the Atchison editor, recently was talking to a Kansas audience about the short-sighted policies of the national congress. "They remind me of a mayor of our town who was presented with a gold-headed cane," Mr. Howe said. "He was a short, squatty mayor and the cane was too high for him, so in order to produce a fit he cut off the gold head. 'Why didn't you cut it off at the bottom?' a member of the presentation committee demanded. 'There was nothing the matter with it at the bottom, that's why,' said the mayor."

The dispatches relate that Col. George Dodd, the new hero of the Mexican invasion, participated in the Battle of San Juan Hill. This is rare news indeed to some 100,000,000 Americans who have been under the impression all along that there was only THE one colonel at San Juan Hill.

Sister Veronica

She looks out on the world
With strange, untroubled eyes,
When all the earth is growing
green
Beneath the April skies;
I wonder if she dreams of us,
'Or dreams of paradise.

Her window is not wide;
Grey are the walls around;
The whisper of the vesper bell
Is the one lonely sound;
How quietly the sisters move
Across the convent ground.

Yet all the while she sits
With patient, gracious mien.
O little nun, Veronica,
The earth is growing green,
And is that why your eyes are sad,
As from your tower you lean?

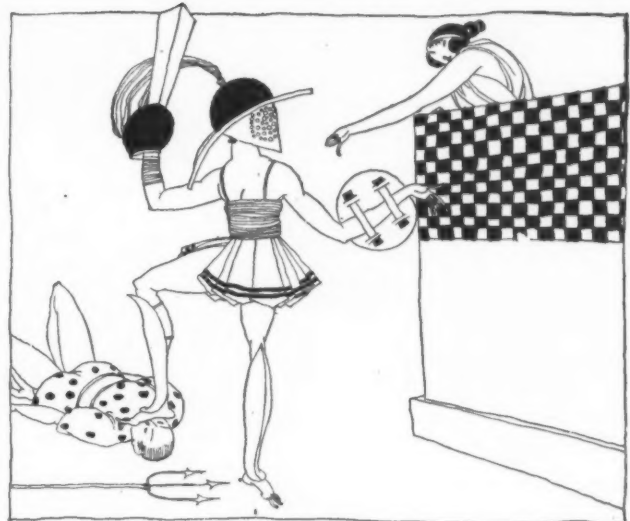
Perhaps you dream of vanished
Springs,
Perhaps you think of perished days,
Miraculously white—
Of one who waited for your step
Upon a certain night.

You look out on the world
With such sad, solemn eyes;
If you have lost a heart beloved,
Lost Aprils of delight;
You know in paradise
You two shall meet, some April
day—
For God is good, and wise!

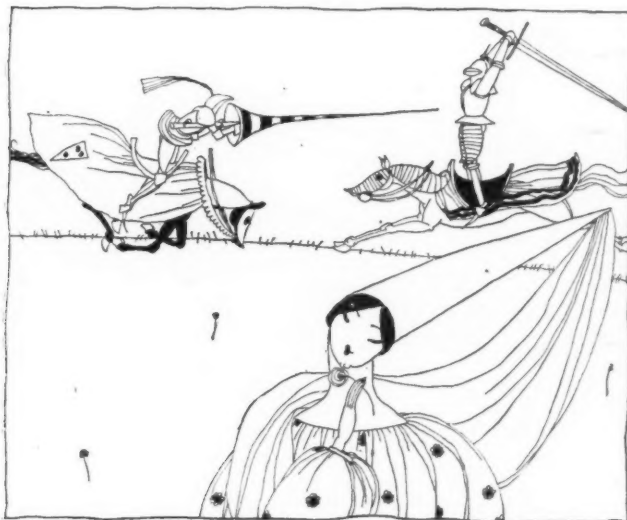
Charles Hanson Towne.



In the Spring (of B. C. 8016) the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love



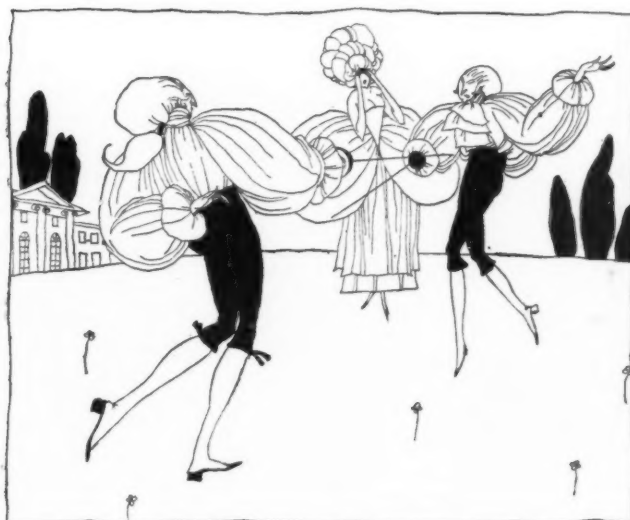
As turned it also in the Spring of A. D. 116



And again in the Spring of A. D. 1216



And again in the Spring of 1516



And still again in the Spring of 1716



But in the Spring of 1916 the young man need neither fight, poison nor fence to win his lady love from a rival. Two large brown eyes and a job as romantic hero with a film company will do the trick

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR



He had an uneasy feeling that they were noticed

THE NINE CENT-GIRLS

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

Miss Bessie Vaux, of Baltimore, paid a visit to her aunt, the wife of the Commandant at old Fort Starbuck, Montana. She had at her small feet all the garrison and some two dozen young ranch-owners, the flower of the younger sons of the best society of New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Thirty-seven notches in the long handle of her parasol told the story of her three months' stay. The thirty-seventh was final. She accepted a measly Second Lieutenant, and left all the bachelors for thirty miles around the Fort to mourn her and to curse the United States Army. This is the poem.

Mr. John Winfield, proprietor of the Winfield Ranch, sat a-straddle a chair in front of the fire in his big living room, and tugged at his handsome black beard as he discussed the situation with his foreman, who was also his confidant, his best friend and his old college mate. Mr. Richard Cutter stood with his back to the fire, twirled a very blond moustache and smoked cigarettes continually while he ministered to his suffering friend, who was sore wounded in his vanity, having been notch No. 36 on Miss Vaux's parasol. Dick had been notch No. 1; but Dick was used to that sort of thing.

"By thunder," said Mr. Winfield, "I'm going to get married this year, if I have to marry a widow with six children. And I guess I'll have to. I've been ten years in this girlless wilderness, and I never did know any girls to speak of, at home. Now you, you always everlastingly knew girls.

What's that place you lived at in New York state—where there were so many girls?"

"Tusculum," replied Mr. Cutter, in a tone of complacent reminiscence. "Nice old town, plastered so thick with mortgages that you can't grow flowers in the front yard. All the fellows strike for New York as soon as they begin to shave. The crop of girls remains, and they wither on the stem. Why, one winter they had a hump-backed man for their sole society star in the male line. Nice girls, too. Old families. Pretty, lots of them. Good form, too, for provincials.

"Gad!" said Jack Winfield, "I'd like to live in Tusculum for a year or so."

"No, you wouldn't. It's powerful dull. But the girls were nice. Now, there were the Nine Cent-Girls."

"The Nine-cent Girls?"

"No, the Nine Cent-Girls. Catch the difference? They were the daughters of old Bailey, the civil engineer. Nine of 'em, ranging from twenty-two, when I was there—that's ten years ago—down to—oh, I don't know—a kid in a pinafore. All looked just alike, barring age, and every one had the face of the Indian lady on the little red cent. Do you remember the Indian lady on the little red cent?"

"Hold on," suggested Jack, rising; "I've got one. I've had it ever since I came." He unlocked his desk, rummaged about in its depths, and produced a specimen of the neatest and most artistic coin that the United States government has ever struck.

"That's it," said Dick, holding the coppery disk in his palm. "It would do

for a picture of any one of 'em—only the Bailey girls didn't wear feathers in their hair. But there they were, nine of 'em, nice girls, every way, and the whole lot named out of the classics. Old Bailey was strong on the classics. His great-grandfather named Tusculum, and Bailey's own name was M. Cicero Bailey. So he called all his girls by heathen names, and had a row with the parson every christening. Let me see—there was Euphrosyne, and Clelia, and Lydia, and Flora and Aurora—those were the twins—I was sweet on one of the twins—and Una—and, oh, I can't remember them all. But they were mighty nice girls."

"Probably all married by this time," Jack groaned. "Let me look at that cent." He held it in the light of the fire, and gazed thoughtfully upon it.

"Not a one," Dick assured him. "I met a chap from Tusculum last time I was in Butte City, and I asked him. He said there'd been only one wedding in Tusculum in three years, and then the local paper had a wire into the church and got out extras."

"What sort of girls were they?" Winfield asked, still regarding the coin.

"Just about like that, for looks. Let me see it again." Dick examined the cent critically, and slipped it into his pocket, in an absent-minded way. "Just about like that. First rate girls. Old man was as poor as a church mouse; but you would never have known it, the way that house was run. Bright girls, too—at least, my twin was. I've forgotten which twin it was; but she was too bright for me."

"And how old did you say they were? How old was the youngest?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Dick, with a bachelor's vagueness on the question of a child's age, "five—six—seven, may be. Ten years ago, you know."

"Just coming into grass," observed Mr. Winfield, meditatively.

Two months after the evening on which this conversation took place, Mr. Richard Cutter walked up one of the quietest and most eminently respectable of the streets of Tusculum.

Mr. Cutter was nervous. He was, for the second time, making up his mind to attempt a difficult and delicate task. He had made up his mind to it, or had had it made up for him; but now he felt himself obliged to go over the whole process in his memory, in order to assure himself that the mind was really made up.

The suggestion had come from Winfield. He remembered with what a dazed incomprehension he had heard his chum's proposition to induce Mr. Bailey and all his family to migrate to Montana and settle at Starbuck.

"We'll give the old man all the surveying he wants. And he can have Ashford's place on the big dam when Ashford goes East in August. Why, the finger of Providence is pointing Bailey straight for Starbuck."

With a clearer remembrance of Eastern conventionalities than Mr. Winfield, Dick Cutter had suggested various obstacles in the way of this apparently simple scheme. But Winfield would hear of no opposition, and he joined with him eight other young ranchmen, who entered into the idea with wild Western enthusiasm and an Arcadian simplicity that could see no chance of failure. These energetic youths subscribed a generous fund to defray the expenses of Mr. Cutter as a missionary to Tusculum; and Mr. Cutter had found himself committed to the venture before he knew it.

Now, what had seemed quite feasible in Starbuck's wilds wore a different face in prim and proper Tusculum. It dawned on Mr. Cutter that he was about to make a most radical and somewhat impudent proposition to a conservative old gentleman.

Therefore Mr. Cutter found his voice very uncertain as he introduced himself to the young lady who opened, at his ring, the front door of one of the most respectable houses in that respectable street of Tusculum.

"Good morning," he said, wondering which one of the Nine Cent-Girls he saw before him; and then, noting a few threads of gray in her hair, he ventured:

"It's Miss—Miss Euphrosyne, isn't it? You don't remember me—Mr. Cutter, Dick Cutter? Used to live on Ovid Street. Can I see your father?"

"My father?" repeated Miss Euphrosyne, looking a little frightened.

"Yes—I just want—"

"Why, Mr. Cutter—I do remember you now—didn't you know that Papa died nine years ago—the year after you left Tusculum?"

Dick Cutter leaned against the doorjamb and stared speechlessly at Euphrosyne. He noted vaguely that she looked much the same as when he had last seen her, except that she looked tired and just a shade sad. When he was able to think, he said that he begged her pardon. Then she smiled, faintly.

"We couldn't expect you to know," she said, simply. "Won't you come in?"

"N-N-No," stuttered Dick. "I-I-I'll call later—this evening, if you don't mind. Ah—ah—good day." And he fled to his hotel, to pull himself together, leaving Miss Euphrosyne smiling.

He sat alone in his room all the afternoon, pondering over the shipwreck of his scheme. What should he tell the boys? What would the boys say? Why had he not thought to write before he came? Why on earth had Bailey taken it into his head to die?

After supper, he resolved to call as he had promised. Mrs. Bailey, he knew, had died a year after the appearance of her ninth daughter. But, he thought, with reviving hope, there might be a male head to the family—an uncle, perhaps.

The door was opened by Clytie, the youngest of the nine. She ushered him at once into a bright little parlor, hung around with dainty things in artistic needlework and decorative painting. A big lamp glowed on a centre-table, and around it sat seven of the sisters, each one engaged in some sort of work, sewing, embroidery or designing. Nearest the lamp sat Euphrosyne, reading Macaulay aloud. She stopped as he entered, and welcomed him in a half-timid but wholly friendly fashion.

Dick sat down, very much embarrassed, in spite of the greeting. It was many years since he had talked to nine ladies at once. Dick looked from one to the other of the placid classic faces, and could not help having an uneasy idea that each new girl that he addressed was only the last one who had slipped around the table and made herself look a year or two older or younger.

But after a while the pleasant, genial, social atmosphere of the room, sweet with a delicate, winning virginity, thawed out his awkward reserve, and Dick began to talk of the West and Western life until the nine pairs of blue eyes, stretched to their widest, fixed upon him as a common focus. It was eleven when he left, with many apologies for his long call. He found the night and



"Just the outfit!" he observed to himself.
"And old Bailey dead and the whole scheme busted"

the street uncommonly dark, empty and depressing.

"Just the outfit!" he observed to himself. "And old Bailey dead and the whole scheme busted."

For he had learned that the Nine Cent-Girls had not a relative in the world. Under these circumstances, it was clearly his duty to take the morning train for the West. And yet, the next evening, he presented himself, shamed and apologetic, at the Bailey's door.

He thought that he wanted to make some sort of explanation to Miss Euphrosyne. But what explanation could he make? There was no earthly reason for his appearance in Tusculum. He talked of the West until eleven, and then he took a hesitating leave.

The next day he made a weak pretense of casually passing by when he knew that Miss Euphrosyne was working in the garden; but he found it no easier to explain across the front fence. The explanation never would have been made if it had not been for Miss Euphrosyne. A curious nervousness had come over her, too, and suddenly she spoke out.

"Mr. Cutter—excuse me—but what has brought you here? I mean is it anything that concerns us—or—Papa's affairs? I thought everything was settled—I had hoped—"

There was nothing for it now but to tell the whole story, and Dick told it.

"I suppose you'll think we're a pack of



The solitary hall-boy brought a message summoning him to Miss Euphrosyne's room

barbarians," he said, when he had come to the end, "and, of course, it's all impracticable now."

But Miss Euphrosyne did not seem to be offended—only thoughtful.

"Can you call here to-morrow at this time, Mr. Cutter?" she inquired.

Miss Euphrosyne blushed faintly when Dick presented himself to hear judgment pronounced.

"I suppose you will think it strange," she said, "but if your plan is feasible, I should wish to carry it out. Frankly, I do want to see the girls married. Clelia and Lydia and I are past the time when women think about such things—but Clytie—and the rest. And, you know, I can remember how Papa and Mama lived together, and sometimes it seems cruelly hard that those dear girls should lose all that happiness—I'm sure it's the best happiness in the world. And it can never be, *here*. Now, if I could get occupation—you know that I'm teaching school, I suppose—and if the rest of the girls could keep up their work for the New York people—why—don't you know, if I didn't tell—if I put it on business grounds, you know—I think they would feel that it was best, after all, to leave Tusculum. . . ."

Her voice was choked when she recommenced.

"It seems awful for me to talk to you in this cold-blooded way about such a thing; but—what *can* we do, Mr. Cutter? You don't know how poor we are. There's nothing for my little Clytie to do but to be a dressmaker—and you know what *that* means, in Tusculum. Oh, do you think I could teach school out in Star—Star—Starbuckle?"

Miss Euphrosyne was crying. Dick's census of possible pupils in the neighborhood of Starbuck satisfied Miss Euphrosyne. It troubled Dick's conscience a bit, as he walked back to the hotel. "But they'll all be married off before she finds it out, so I guess it's all right," he reflected.

The next week Dick went to New York. This was in pursuance of an idea which he had confided to Winfield, on the eve of his forth-setting.

"Why," Winfield had said to him, "you are clean left out of this deal, aren't you?"

"Of course I am," said Dick. "How am I going to marry a poor girl on a hundred dollars a month?"

"I might set you up for yourself—" began his employer.

"Hold on!" broke in Dick Cutter, with emphasis. "You wouldn't talk that way if you'd ever been hungry yourself. I most starved that last time I tried for myself; and I'd starve next trip, sure. You've been a good friend to me, Jack Winfield. Don't you make a damn fool of yourself and spoil it all."

"But," he added, after a pause, "I have a little racket of my own. There's a widow in New York who smiled on yours affectionately once, ere she wed Mammon. I'm going just to see if she feels inclined to divide the late lamented's pile with a blond husband."

So, the business at Tusculum being determined, and preparations for the hegira well under way, Dick went to look after his own speculation.

He reached New York on Tuesday morning, and called on the lady of his hopes that afternoon. She was out. He wrote to

(Continued on page 23)



Puck

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



Local Pride

Mrs. A. P. Eddy returned from Kane, Pa., this week to resume life at 28 Green Street, Fredonia.

—*The Fredonia (N. Y.) Censor.*

Distinction

Fred Puttcamp, Sr., butchered his hogs one day last week, also Fred J. Puttcamp.

—*The Bureau (Ill.) Tribune.*

Simple Folks

Sedgwick is the kind of a town where a young fellow brags about kissing his girl.

—*The Peabody (Kan.) Gazette.*

Quite a Reporter

There is no news in this settlement to speak of. We did hear of a man whose head was blown off by a boiler explosion, but we didn't have time to learn his name. Anyhow he doesn't have no kinfolk in this country, so it don't much matter.

—*The Adams (Tenn.) Enterprise.*

A Nice Distinction

On account of sickness only nineteen of the club were present. The evening was spent in a social way. Fred Hammond and Blanche Carley furnish the music; a solo was given by Jack Wallace.

—*The Pioneer (O.) Tri-State Alliance.*

A Better Man

J. W. B— was painfully injured last Tuesday while cutting a tree on the Ellis Hawkins farm south of town.

A dead limb fell from the top of the tree, striking him on the side of the head. He suffered some severe bruises and broken teeth, but is much improved.

—*Columbiana (O.) Ledger.*

Sophistry

James Jackson says there is something about dogs he can't get used to. We suppose Jim means fleas.

—*The Sadville (Ky.) Call.*

Slow Rapidness

Miss Beulah Lockhart has returned from the Gloversville hospital and is slowly recovering from her recent illness rapidly.

—*The Gloversville (N. Y.) Morning Herald.*

Mean

Ike Jigsmith says his best girl waved her handkerchief as he passed her domicile last evening. In response Ike probably waved his coat sleeve, which he uses as a handkerchief.

—*The Leipsic (Pa.) Bugle.*

Spiritual but Immaterial

A religious debate is scheduled at the Christian church for next week. The discussion is over the Sabbath and a few other immaterial subjects.

—*The Gentry (O.) Sentinel.*

Not Very Clear

The street lamp erected on the corner of Main street and Railway ave. is providing a great convenience at this time on account of the mud. "Aggressiveness" seems to be the watchword of our business men.

—*The Sweet Grass (Mont.) Advocate.*

And Still He Perambulates

James K. Daily of Clay Center was perambulating on our new sidewalks Monday. James K. is a self-made man and he sure does worship his maker.

—*The Wellston (O.) Banner.*

25 X 25 = 625

Last evening at eight o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hansard celebrated their twenty-fifth silver anniversary at their home on Third street.

—*Clearfield (Pa.) Progress.*

How?

George Savage, colored, is alleged to have broken into the home of George Bowen, an 88-year-old farmer of Washington County, and assaulted him with a poker by beating him over the head until Mr. Bowen's right arm was broken in two places.

—*The Norfolk (Va.) Virginian Pilot and Landmark.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to

K. S., care of Puck.

Boycott

We wash everything but the baby. Sacramento Laundry. Phone 104. Front and O streets.

—*Adv. in Sacramento (Cal.) Union.*

Not Overconfident

Jas. Hamet, better known as "Bill" Hamet, who has resided here for several years, has gone to Los Angeles, where he expects to live.

—*Porterville (Cal.) Recorder.*

Technical Stuff

Mr. Lawson and a party of engineers came down on the small gasoline car Tuesday on a taip of insuction.

—*The Gadsden (Ariz.) Clarion.*

Anything Like Tango?

The Ogden Cheerful Wiggles spent their cheerful wiggling hour at Samuel Shank's Tuesday evening.

—*The Wilmington (O.) Journal-Republican.*

Not So Eugenic

In our last issue we had an article headed, "A Mother Factory." We beg pardon; it should have read "Another Factory."

—*The Millville (Ala.) Times.*

Gathering of the Colors

At the M. E. parsonage Tuesday the Rev. Edwin White united in marriage Miss Vera Green and John Winston Black.

—*The Wakefield (Kan.) Record.*

Conservation

As my news notes were left out last week I will be compelled to rewrite some of them, as we have no news to waste.

—*Holla Bend cor. of the Russellville (Ark.) Courier-Democrat.*

Unconscious?

What might of proved fatal had Mr. Will Richard not gotten up just when he did Wednesday morning when on hearing a peculiar noise in his son's bed room and on going in found his oldest son Kenneth in an unconscious state and but for the prompt assistance of them and Dr. Kilborn of Ithaca who was called he might not of rallied.

—*The Gratiot County (Mich.) Herald.*



"Come to church, Brother Warbler, and be saved"

"Oh, what is the use of going to heaven—"

"I have wings already!"



Thrills and Things

In spite of the war profits that have made New York theatregoers careless about what they pay for tickets, so long as they pay enough, tastes in the theatre are very simple this spring. Melodrama has come back with its good thrills. "Treasure Island" led the way. Then came "The Heart of Wetona," and now "Rio Grande," by Augustus Thomas.

Rivers and States

There was a time when it seemed that only the shortage of states and territories in the Union would put an end to the list of Mr. Augustus Thomas' successful melodramas. Then "Arizona" flourished, but "Colorado" failed, and after a few farces and comedies it was discovered that Mr. Thomas had "gone highbrow." Now he has returned to his earlier style of writing, only instead of using the name of a left over state he has employed "Rio Grande." There are more rivers than states, and the supply of thrilling melodramas ought not to run low. Good plots are always available. The plot of "Rio Grande" is interesting and deserves the commendation that it is well made. All of the scenes take place at a military post in Laredo, Texas.

A Parallel

Except for the setting there is much that is familiar about "Rio Grande." In fact, if the text to the play were available a very deadly parallel might be pointed out. There is a story of Guy de Maupassant called "L'Ordonnance." In this dramatic tale a French army officer entrusts his very youthful daughter to a friend, a Colonel. The

girl does not love the Colonel, but she respects her father's wishes and marries the man, years older than herself. And so in the first act of "Rio Grande." In the story she calls her husband "father"; in Mr. Thomas' play the heroine calls her husband "Colonel."

The Demoted Lover

In both cases the young girl has another lover. He was a Captain according to de Maupassant, but he is a Lieutenant in "Rio Grande." At a meeting upon an island, the Colonel's wife and her lover have been seen by the Colonel's orderly. The orderly threatens to tell the Colonel unless the wife yields to him. She writes a long letter telling all to her husband, but omitting the name of her lover. So far the story and the play are not wide apart. De Maupassant's heroine drowns herself in the bath. Mr. Thomas has her jump off a bridge into the river. Even so, the water motif is preserved.

Exit Lover

For the purposes of the play she is rescued. A letter written by the wife is held up because of some marching orders. The Mexicans are coming! In the meantime the wife revives and gets back her letter, and her lover commits suicide. When the Colonel comes back he reads the letter and sends for his orderly.

Enter Orderly

De Maupassant made this scene particularly thrilling because the name of the lover had been carefully withheld. The suicide of the young Lieutenant in the play has already given away the secret so that when the Colonel demands that his orderly tell the name, he is merely demanding to know what he, the audience and the other characters of the play know already. Then follows a shot and the orderly dies in the doorway just as in the story.

Credit Lines

The standard literature has always been an unquestionably good source for plots, but why not make some mention in the program? In this case why should not de Maupassant come in for as much mention as the persons get who make the pianos used in the theatre, the scenery, the costumes, the shoes and all those other vitally dramatic things? Of course the similarity between Guy de Maupassant's "L'Ordonnance" and Augustus Thomas' "Rio Grande" may be mere coincidence. Or it may be a legitimate but unacknowledged use of a good story for dramatic purposes.



Jane Cowl, starring in "Common Clay," is the possessor of a rich Scotch dialect. Hence her selection of the week's best story:

Donald Bruce passed the residence of his old friend MacTavish, after a long



absence, just in time to witness the start of a funeral cortège. To his hurriedly whispered question, one of the pall-bearers imparted the information that MacTavish had died two days before.

"Dinna tell me thot, mon," cried the startled Donald, "MacTavish canna be deed!"

"An' I tell you he is," was the rejoinder. "Do ye think this is a rehearsal?"

Leo Ditrichstein, "The Great Lover," accounts the following story the best of the week:

Mr. Phineas Fordyce was Springfield's most prominent citizen; therefore



the *Clarion* took cognizance of his visit to a neighboring city as follows:

During a visit to Boston last week, Mr. Phineas Fordyce, our well-known townsman, suffered a severe sprain of the ankle, while trying to jump on a caf.

(Continued on page 24)



PROTECTING THE REPUTATION OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"Hey, youse kids, you wanta cut out the gamblin' around here"

Doings of the Younger Set

Many of our most prominent spring poets are suffering from bronchitis and etcetera, on account of spring having failed to show up on schedule time. A good deal of annoyance is being felt in poetic circles on account of spring's dilatoriness after it had been officially hailed by the Poet's Union. Several poets have announced that hereafter they will boycott spring and turn their attentions to summer, autumn, and the high price of gasoline.

Pancho Villa, the enterprising horse thief, has retired into the mountains for a spell, he having been threatened with ill-health if he remained in the lowlands. Pancho is accompanied by a few select companions, and a gay time is being had by all. Scarcely a day passes by that they do not indulge in some merry prank like burning down a farmhouse or murdering somebody.

Theodore Roosevelt, the energetic faunal naturalist, returned from the West Indies recently, as brown as a whortleberry. Theodore reports that it is a great relief to be back where you can call a man a liar whenever you feel like it, without feeling that you will be misunderstood.

Charles Chaplin, of England and here, is having photographs taken of himself daily, and is said to be receiving \$670,000 per annum for allowing the camera to operate on him. Charles must possess a charm of face and form which some folks have not yet perceived; for many persons have been heard to say that he ought to be charged the usual rate of \$6 per dozen for photos, instead of getting paid for having them taken.

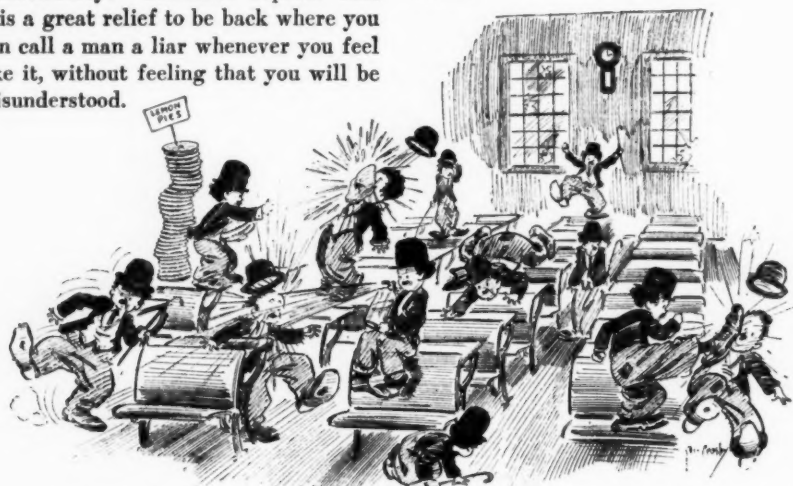
Percy Haughton, the intrepid Harvard footballer, has turned his attention to baseball, and has been traveling around with the Braves baseball nine of Boston, he having affiliated his bank-account with them. Percy reports that it is quite a strain, as he has been forced to do such things as eating onion sandwiches and going without his wrist watch.

Jess Willard, the talented fisticuffer, recently received \$47,500 for hitting Frank Moran of New York and the West in the stomach and elsewhere a few times. Jess is thinking of having his barn repainted.

William Astor, formerly of here but now of England, has been made a baron and is doing a large amount of moving in English social circles. Though he seems to have forgotten his old friends in these parts, he remembers to collect his rents regularly.

Howard Elliott, the genial president of the New Haven Railroad, took a ride from Boston to New York recently, and reports that he did not run off the track once. Congratulations, Howard.

Venustiano Carranza, the prominent imitation president, is reported to be considering an offer to come to Paris and pose as an advertisement for a new hair- tonic and beard-grower. Things are getting a little monotonous for Venustiano in Mexico, as there hasn't been a revolution for more than a week.



How the class felt when a visitor told them they'd be great men some day

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck

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Lisle 25c
Everywhere

EXPERIENCE the satisfaction that comes from wearing the **Boston Garter**. It is scientifically made—handsomely finished—fits perfectly—is easily adjusted—stays fastened until released and holds the sock smooth without binding.

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Factory to You

\$125

and up can be saved by my plan of selling direct from my factory to you. I can save you from \$125 to \$250 on an Evans Artist Model Piano or Player.

Freight Paid The easiest kind of terms, weekly, monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to suit your convenience. All middlemen, jobbers, dealers and agents profits cut out. These are some of the reasons why I can sell the Evans Artist Model Pianos for such little money. Let me send you the other reasons.

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If you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back without any cost to you—you are the sole judge to decide.

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We will give a two years course of piano instruction free. Ask about our insurance plan.

STORY & CLARK PIANO CO.

F. O. EVANS, Gen. Mgr., Dept. J-23, Chicago



—From London Opinion.
YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE

Prunes vs. Strawberries

(Continued from page 18)

"At this season of the year," she said, "onions are marvelous for the complexion.

When no one was looking, Gertie Golightly's slim, white hand reached out and took one of the despised onions.

"Oh-ho!" jeered Hemisphere, catching her. "You don't need it, Peaches!"

"I like them!" declared Gertie. "As I'm not going out this evening—" Miss Gertie Golightly, unaided, finished the dishful of garden pearls.

It was in a dead silence that Agnes brought on the dessert.

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Canary. "How delicious this custard does look!

"I thought I saw you buying strawberries this morning!" burst out poor little Mrs. Cribbage, her mouth quivering with disappointment.

"Oh!" Mrs. Canary waved her hand with airy scorn. "They were hard, green, tasteless things. When I buy, I want the best! Now his other goods were quite superior and I bought onions, carrots, spinach, green peppers—lots of things just redolent of the beautiful Spring!"

"Strawberries mean Spring to me," moaned Mrs. Cribbage, voicing the protest of the others. "I been just hankering for some."

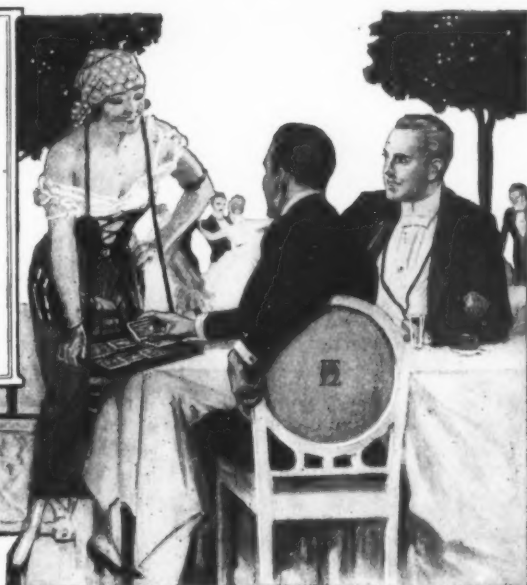
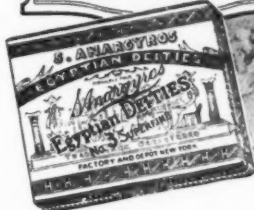
"They'll probably be nice in a week or so now," consoled Mrs. Canary.

"And cheaper!" growled Dave.

The tragedy of the non-appearing strawberry shortcake was perhaps eclipsed by what happened to Miss Gertie Golightly, as she was called to the 'phone a few moments later. It was the voice of the one young man in the world (for the time being) inviting her out for a party.

"I'm sorry!" regretted Gertie, in all sincerity. "Really, I can't go. No, please don't insist. It's impossible. Ab-so-lutely impossible!"

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Utmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER Deities** to any other cigarette.
25¢
Anagyrus
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Maine Coast

The most enchanting and varied sea-shore in America.

Marvellous beaches, wild headlands, cliffs, mountains, islands, woods.

Summer vacations of every kind at every price. Great and small hotels, boarding houses or camping close to nature.

Sailing, bathing and every summer sport. Unusual experiences—real deep-sea fishing, squidding, life among the fishermen.

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New England The VACATION LAND



Vacation Books

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Rates, capacity and other dependable facts concerning the best hotels, boarding houses and camps in over 1000 New England vacation resorts.

Including the White Mountains, the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods, Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert and the ocean coast of five states.

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Exquisite scenery, glorious air, new zest in living. Golf, tennis, motoring, mountain climbing among the clouds.

Most desirable social life. Finest of hotels, best of boarding houses.

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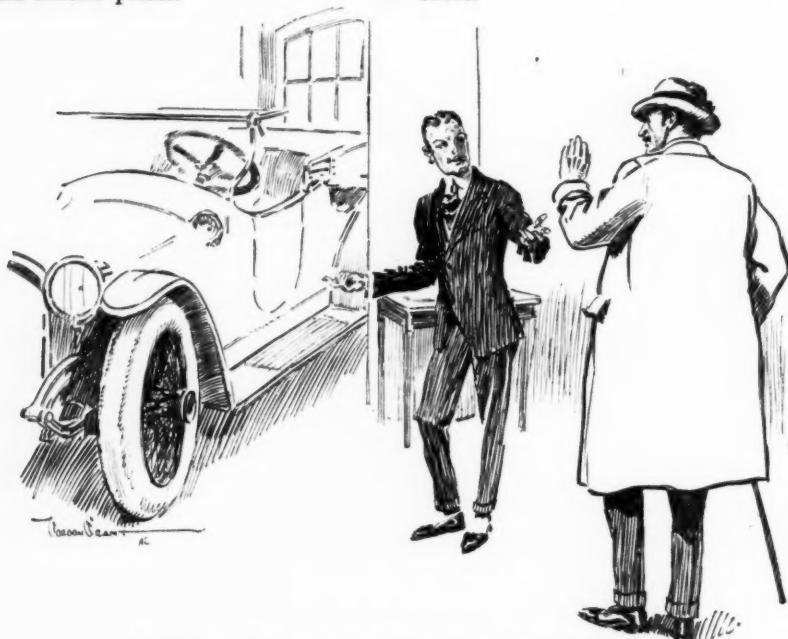
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD R.R.
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VACATION BUREAU
171 Broadway, Room 110, New York City

Scandalous!

Clap your hands over your ears and brace yourselves for a shock. When the whole truth about the present fashion of short skirts is revealed, the ensuing explosion of scandal will almost rock the superstructure of New England society off of its foundations in Puritanism.

Here are the facts: the boot and shoe manufacturers of Massachusetts are bending every energy to keep women's skirts reefed up above the shoe-top level. Every well shod feminine foot advertises the industry's most profitable product. Visible feet mean fancy shoes and fancier prices.



SALESMAN: That car is simplicity itself. A baby could run it
"Nothing doing. I'd like to have something our baby can't run"

The *Boot and Shoe Record* blares in warning: "To keep feet prominently displayed is the one big thing for the trade to do. Skirts are coming down and something must be done to stop the descent."

Imagine what this means. Picture to yourself a typical New England shoe manufacturer. He is a deacon in the church, a director of the Society for the Prevention of Freedom in Art and a grim censor of the drama and Russian ballets. His duty is clear, but the interests of trade and his pocket-book lead him astray. Short skirts are un-Puritanical. He ought to wage furious war upon them, but his mouth is sealed.

Watch the tortures of his soul as, first, his daughters, then his wife, then his mother and grandma take up with the odious fashion.

"Skirts are coming down," mutters the deacon, "and something must be done to stop the descent."

The direful warning keeps ringing in his ears. He endures the tortures of a Dr. Jekyll. He poses yet as a deacon, but at heart he is such a deacon as was Brodie of old Edinboro. He lavishes fortunes in the press to stop the fall of skirts. In spite of all, they keep descending—first, his daughters', then his wife's, then his mother's and poor dear grandmama's. With that the curtain falls upon a tragic ending. New England has learned the scandalous truth and is horrified. Puritanism indignantly disowns him, and he has to flee for his life amid a fierce bombardment of outworn fancy shoes.

Ground Work

"So young Mr. Scoops graduated from the School of Journalism."

"Yes, with high honors."

"I suppose he has joined one of the big city papers in an important capacity?"

"No, he is still in the school. The faculty found him such an apt pupil that they retained him in a professorship to teach metropolitan journalism to the freshman class."

"Why did you look at your wife so attentively during the Easter services?"

"Because, with the summer-dance and sea-shore bathing seasons coming on it was probably the last time I will see her fully dressed until fall."

Present indications are that the coming Republican convention will be anything but conventional.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Ruck

FOWNES GLOVES

The retailer does not make the gloves he sells.

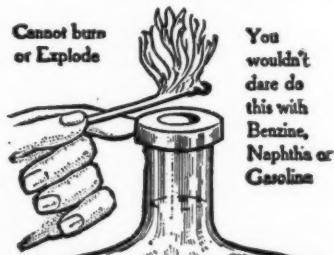
Like you who buy them, he depends chiefly on the reputation of the maker for good value.

Thus, his *own* reputation is involved.

Most dealers who cherish their own reputation welcome the opportunity of depending on the Fownes reputation.

They take no chances.

Neither do you.



For Safety's Sake—Demand CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

Removes Grease Spots Instantly

Cleans all materials without injury to fabric or color. Silk, Satin, Lace, Wool, Cashmere, Cotton, Velour, Felt, Velvet, Madras, Net, Lisle, Flannel, Serge, Gauze, Chiffon. White Kid Gloves Coats, Cloaks Cloth Uppers Silk and Satin Slippers Neckties Furs Blankets Neckwear Coat Collars Veils Dresses Furniture Covers Hosiery Parasols Portieres Lingerie Wraps Tapestries Jabots Opera Capes Rugs Carpets Typewriters Ribbons Piano Keys Auto-Apparel

15c, 25c, 50c, \$1 Size Bottles. All Drug Stores.

Shoes made with F B & C white, bronze and fancy colored kids are cleaned with Carbona Cleaning Fluid.

Are You a Bunner "Fan"?

On receipt of \$1.00 for a Three Months' Trial subscription we will enter your subscription for 13 weeks and send you all back numbers containing the Bunner Stories

Don't Miss the Bunner Stories

The Nine Cent-Girls

(Continued from page 17)

her in the evening, asking when he might see her. On Thursday her wedding-cards came to his hotel by special messenger. He cursed his luck, and went cheerfully about attending to a commission which Miss Euphrosyne, after much urging, had given him, trembling at her own audacity. The size of it had somewhat staggered him. She asked him to take an order to a certain large dry-goods house for nine traveling suits, for which he was to select the materials.

"Men have so much taste," said Miss Euphrosyne. "Papa *always* knew when we were well dressed."

Dick had to wait while another customer was served. He stared at her in humble admiration. It was a British actress, recently imported.

When Mr. Richard Cutter sat on the platform of Tusculum station and saw his nine charges approach, ready for the long trip to the Far West, it struck him that the traveling suits did not look, on these nine virgins, as they looked on the British actress.

But it was too late for retreat. The Baileys had burned their bridges behind them. The old house was sold. Their lot was cast in Montana. He had his misgivings; but he handed them gallantly into the train—it was not a vestibule express, for economy forbade—and they began their journey.

He had an uneasy feeling that they were noticed; that the nine ladies in the ulsters of one pattern—and of the pattern of his choosing—were attracting more attention than any ladies not thus uniformed would have attracted; but he was not seriously disturbed until a loquacious countryman sat down beside him.

"Runnin' a lady baseball nine, be ye?" he inquired. "I seen one, wunst, down to Ne' York. They can't play ball not to speak of; but it's kinder fun lookin' at 'em. Couldn't ye interdooce me to the pitcher?"

Mr. Cutter made a dignified reply, and withdrew to the smoking-car. There a fat and affable stranger tapped him on the back and talked in his ear from the seat behind.

"It don't pay, young man," he said. "I've handled 'em. Female minstrels sounds first rate; but they don't give the show that catches the people. You've gotter have reel talent kinder mixed in with them if you want to draw."

"Them ladies in your comp'ny, where do they show?" inquired the conductor, as he examined their ten tickets that Dick presented.

"What do you mean?" asked the irritated pioneer.

"If they show in Cleveland, I'd like to go first rate," the conductor explained.

"Those ladies," Dick thundered, at the end of his patience, "are not actresses!"

"Hmf! What be they then?" asked the conductor.

They had arrived at Buffalo. They had gone to the Niagara Hotel, and had been told that there were no rooms for them; and to the Tift House, where there were no rooms; and to the Genesee, where every room was occupied. Finally they had found quarters in a very queer hotel, where the clerk, as he dealt out the keys, said:

"One for Lily, and one for Daisy and one

(Continued on page 25)

Approved by Dr.
Harvey W. Wiley,
Director of Food
Housekeeping
Bureau of Foods,
Sanitation and
Health.

AN OUNCE of NUJOL IS WORTH A POUND of "CURE"

Use NUJOL to PREVENT constipation

A LITTLE care about eating, a moderate amount of exercise, and the use of Nujol as an internal lubricant to counteract any tendency to costiveness will keep most people from constipation.

Nujol relieves constipation without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and so encouraging normal, healthy bowel movements.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not carry Nujol, we will send you a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United States on receipt of 75 cents—money order or stamps.

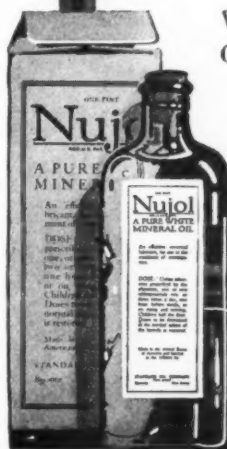
Write for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation." Address Dept. 42.

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Works of Art

MONTROSS GALLERY

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NEW YORK

PARIS

CHICAGO

PAINTINGS

HENRY REINHARDT

565 Fifth Avenue
New York

(Continued from page 19)

An angry protest quickly brought this apology:

Through a typographical error yesterday the *Clarion* stated that Mr. Phineas Fordyce suffered a sprained ankle in Boston while trying to jump on a cat. What we intended to say was that he was trying to leap on a cat.

As the doctor bent over the delirious Mr. Fordyce that evening, he turned to the assembled family and said:

"He continually mumbles something about a 'car.' Perhaps he means his automobile."

The influence of "war babies" on the conversation of the day is best

illustrated by a new story told by Patricia Collinge, of a couple of Wall Street men who were discussing the material welfare of a member of the Bankers' Club who had shown a sudden desire to curtail his previous lavish expenditures.

"Why," said one, "I thought Andy had excellent prospects."

"He has," explained the other, "but they consist of an aunt aged eighty years, and he fears she is going to par."



The Peacock and the Film Favorite

Not once upon a time, but very recently, a Movie Actor inclined an ear in the direction of Ambition. He was a very popular Movie Actor.

"I think," said the Movie Actor to Ambition, "that I shall go on the legitimate stage. Millions of people have *seen* me; now I'll permit them to *hear* me. It is not right that I should withhold from them this opportunity."

Just then an Aged Peacock happened along, his feathers without gloss and his tail much resembling a superannuated feather duster.

"Listen, friend," said the Aged Peacock, "listen to me before you take the plunge. I am the peacock that old man *Æsop* wrote about in his Fables. My experience may be of value to you. As a youthful bird, I, too, made a huge hit. People came miles to see me—as they now come to see you.

"Oh," cried my admirers one day, 'if he only would *sing*! What a magnificent voice such a magnificent bird must have!'"

"Whereupon I gave them of my best chest tones—and they stuffed their fingers in their ears and ran away."

Moral for peacocks and movie actors: Let well enough alone.

The HARDMAN AUTOTONE

The PERFECT Player-Piano

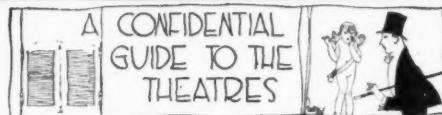
A superb Hardman Upright with the best Player-Action manufactured. Made in its entirety by us in our own factories. Easy terms if desired.

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HARDMAN HOUSE
433 Fifth Ave. New York
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With Edith Wynne Matthison, Lyn Harding,
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After the Play Visit **ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC**

48th ST. THEATRE

48th St. East of Broadway
Evenings 8:15 Matinee Thursdays and Saturdays 2:15

Messrs. Shubert Present JUST A WOMAN

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West 42nd Street. Eves. at 8:20
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WORLD'S GREATEST SHOW	LOWEST PRICE
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SOUSA & BAND	SENSATIONAL ICE BALLET
1,000 People	— 100 Wonders

Staged by R. H. Burnside

Sunday Nights, SOUSA and His Band

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John Galsworthy's Masterpiece

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THE SUCCESSOR TO "PEG O' MY HEART"

THE CINDERELLA MAN

EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER'S NEW ROMANTIC COMEDY WITH A NOTABLE CAST

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GRACE GEORGE

& Her Playhouse Company in their greatest success
"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION" By Bernard Shaw

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Evenings 8.10

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Cohan and Harris present

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COHAN & HARRIS PRESENT

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THE GREAT LOVER

GEO. COHAN'S THEATRE. B'way, 43d St.

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39th STREET. Lou-Tellegen

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. Louis Mann

SHUBERT. The Great Pursuit

COMEDY. The Fear Market

The Nine Cent-Girls

(Continued from page 23)

for Rosie—here, Boss, sort out the flower-bed yourself," as he handed over the bunch.

Dick was taking a drink in the dingy bar-room, and trying to forget the queer looks that had been cast at his innocent caravan all the day, when the solitary hall-boy brought a message summoning him to Miss Euphrosyne's room. He went, with his moral tail between his mental legs.

"Mr. Cutter," said Miss Euphrosyne, firmly, "we have made a mistake."

"It looks that way," replied Dick, feebly.

"No," said Miss Euphrosyne. "The whole thing is wrong, Mr. Cutter; and I see it all now. I didn't realize what it meant. But my eyes have been opened. Nine young unmarried women cannot go West with a young man—if you had heard what people were saying all around us in the cars—you don't know. We've got to give up the idea. Oh, but it was awful!"

Miss Euphrosyne, trembling, hid her face in her hands. Her tears trickled out through her thin fingers.

"And the old house is sold! What shall we do? Where shall we go?" she cried, forgetting Dick utterly, lost and helpless.

Dick was stalking up and down the room.

"It would be all right," he demanded, "if there was a married woman to lead the gang."

"It might be different," Miss Euphrosyne admitted, with a sob. Speaking came hard to her. She was tired: well-nigh worn out.

"THEN," said Dick, with tremendous emphasis, "what's the matter with my marrying one of you?"

"Why, Mr. Cutter!" Miss Euphrosyne cried, "I had no idea that you—you—ever—thought of—is it Clytie?"

"No," said Mr. Cutter, "it isn't Clytie."

"Is it—is it—" Miss Euphrosyne's eyes lit up with hope long since extinguished—"is it Aurora?"

"No!"

Dick Cutter could have been heard three rooms off.

"No!" he said, with all his lungs. "It ain't Clytie, nor it ain't Aurora, nor it ain't Flora, nor Melpomene nor Cybele nor Alveolar Aureole nor none of 'em. It's YOU—Y-O-U! I want to marry you, and what's more, I'm going to!"

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" said poor Miss Euphrosyne, and hid her face in her hands. She had never thought to be happy, and now she was happy for one moment. That seemed quite enough for her modest soul. And yet more was to come.

For once in his life Dick Cutter seized the right moment to do the right thing. One hour later, Miss Euphrosyne Bailey was Mrs. Richard Cutter. She did not know quite how it happened. Clytie told her she had been bullied into it. But oh! such sweet bullying!

"No," said Mr. Richard Cutter one morning in September of the next year, to Mr. Jack Winfield and his wife (Miss Aurora Bailey that was), "I can't stop a minute. We're too busy up at the ranch. The Wife has just bought out Wilkinson; and I've got to round up all his stock. I'll see you next month, at Clytie's wedding. Queer, she should have gone off the last, ain't it? Euphrosyne and I are going down to Butte City Monday, to buy her a present. Know anybody who wants to pay six per cent. for a thousand?"

The pleasure of living lies in using good things *moderately*.

It is thus with eating, with drinking, with playing, with working, with *everything*.

And it is for the man who knows well the benefits of moderation that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey and put it in Non-Refillable Bottles—**Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle.

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

Health — Looks — Comfort

Wear this scientifically constructed health belt, endorsed by physicians and surgeons. A light but durable support for the abdomen which greatly relieves the strain on the abdominal muscles.

THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT

Relieves the tension on the internal ligaments and causes the internal organs to resume their proper positions and perform their functions in a normal, healthful way. Easy to adjust—a great comfort to the wearer. For men, women and children. Write for descriptive folder or send \$2 for the belt on money-back guarantee. In ordering, send normal measure of your waist.

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DRUGGISTS: Write for proposition and full particulars.

AGENTS—Write for interesting proposition and open territory on quick selling subscription canvass. **PUCK**, Madison Square, New York



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Old Overholt Rye
"Same for 100 years"

AFTER a discomforting, rainy, windy day outdoors, how pleasant it is to reach home and take a bracer of Old Overholt Rye. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond, this distinctive pure Pennsylvania Rye embodies strengthening and toning qualities that help to ward off colds and La Grippe.

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Thoroughly Modernized
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NEW MANAGEMENT
CAFE and ROOF GARDEN
In connection
Special Club Breakfasts
and Luncheons
Rates—Without Bath, \$1.50
With Bath, \$2.00 and up.
FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.

Clipped Wings



by
RUPERT HUGHES

"A story well worth putting between permanent covers. I do not recall any novel in which the temper and character of the actor's life have been so credibly upheld. There is an atmosphere of sincerity and spontaneity."—H. W. Boynton, in the *N. Y. Evening Post*. \$1.35 net

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817

An inventor in dyeless America announces a plan to make colors from certain portions of the hog not utilized in the stockyards. Pigments?



COOK: Oive come to give ye notice that oim lavin', mum—the house is afire!

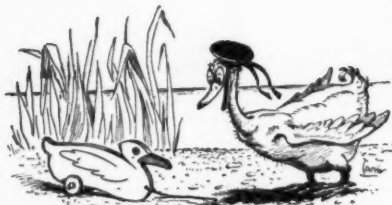
"At present," says a letter from Vienna, "Austria is struggling between the lack of money, of food and of men." With which exceptions, we presume, Austria is quite comfortable, thank you.

At Ispahan, the population, exhausted by looting on the part of the Germans and mercenaries, welcomed us enthusiastically.—*Petrograd war office.*

Had the populace not been exhausted, the welcome might have had a little of the real pep.

The dash after Villa is not the only punitive expedition in sight. Even now Theodore is fitting one out to pursue the Hon. William Barnes, Jr. "The Bull Moose alive or Bill Barnes dead" is the soul-gripping slogan.

Even war clouds have rich linings of silver. The conflict in Europe will do much, it is said, to "improve the breed" of race horses in this country. Which should shame into silence the pacifists.



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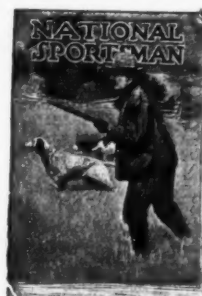
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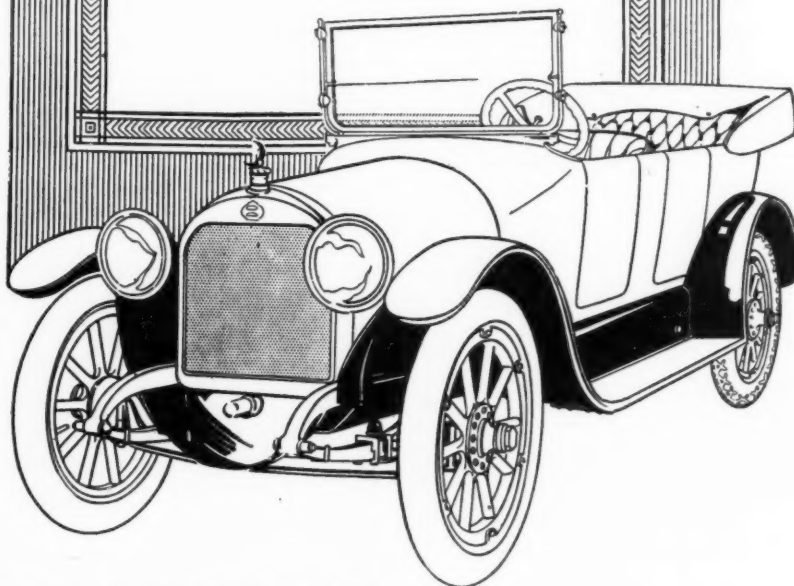
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